July

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by neunundneunzig

Summary

Will is trying to profile a killer who has sex with his victims beforehand. He ends up getting lost and finding himself in Hannibal's bed.

Notes

Warning: Will is having a dissociative episode and is not completely consenting while of sound mind.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will paced through the oppressive heat, worn out. He tried harder and harder to sculpt himself into the mindset of the latest killer, to grasp that first tendril of connection. He was called in too late to the scene to get the full evidence. His fault for asking from a break from work. Now Jack needed him and he was already faltering. He'd have to wait until the next murder, which burned at him, knowing there would be a next.

Will sighed, ducking into a bar to escape the cloying sweat of the evening. He sighed, realizing his files and laptop would be staying in his bag for the moment, unless there was a quiet corner. The case was still a matter of some sensitivity, and he didn't want to draw attention to himself with photographs of naked corpses.

The killer went back to his victims homes for anonymous sex with other men. After intercourse, he would tie their arms to the posts and gag them with the bedsheets. He had to gag them, he couldn't risk the neighbors hearing, not this part. He would carve their eyeballs out with such a careful precision. No, they couldn't be damaged, not for-

Will sat up. He blinked a little. He was in the bar. He didn't know when he sat down at the small table, but he did. He took a slow breath. There it was. The connection. He dreaded it. He felt less and less himself anymore while working these. The nightmares took him over so strongly lately. He set his bag to the side quietly, pulling out a notebook and jotting down a few questions he would email Jack later.

As he did, the waiter approached with a tall pilsner. Will blinked, realizing he must have ordered. Not his usual choice. He wondered slightly if this drink would be the choice of the killer he was hunting, or just him accepting the first drink offered in his daze.

"Compliments of the gentleman in the suit." The waiter said plainly. Will could tell from his tone that he didn't think very much of the gentleman in the suit, and Will was keen to agree.

It was easy to identify which one. Not many were wearing as much as a collared shirt. The man had a look about him that you might feel obliged to call him a gentleman, despite the pretension. His suit was a red and navy plaid. Will hated it at once, but wouldn't go as far to say it looked as ridiculous on this man as it would in any other case. He managed, somehow. He seemed to accept greying hair with grace, something Will appreciated, worried himself about male pattern baldness.

He could admit the man was handsome, but found himself overwhelmingly annoyed with the fact that anyone would dress such a way in a place like this, and then have the gall to order another man a drink. He wondered for a moment if this man was the one he was profiling, a tiny illogical spike in his mind. He buried that quickly. This man was far older.

The waiter stood impatiently, waiting for any sort of reply. Will gave the waiter a nod, realizing he'd been staring at his benefactor for too long now. The man smiled back and raised his own glass to Will, as if they were sharing a toast. Will wanted to roll his eyes, seeing the man sipping his wine. Wine. He should be drinking shit beer and liking it. And not trying to flirt with Will of all people, who just wanted to cool off and relax before getting home.

Will grabbed his bag and his glass and moved over to the man. He set the tall glass down, looking unimpressed, “Listen, I don’t know what you think you’re-”

Will felt a current run through him. This is what his murderer did. Picked men up. He was young, yes. But the last two men were well greying, like this one. He should stop this thought now, and he knew it. He wanted to chase it. How close to the edge could he wander without falling off. Could he get closer to this killer, going to this man’s home, laying with him? He knew he wouldn’t, he couldn’t hurt this man. But he could gain insight. More threads of connection between his killer and himself. That was the only way to solve any case. To see their design.

“I’m terribly sorry, my intention wasn’t to offend you.” The man offered. Will caught a taste of an accent. Eastern Europe, but not Russian. He wondered how his killer would like that.

“No,” Will smiled, someone else’s voice coming through his mouth, “I’m sorry. I’m more of a lager guy. But I suppose it’d be a shame to let this go to waste.” He sat down besides the man, giving him a look.

“I can order you another, it’s no issue.” He smiled to see Will receptive. Will’s heart pounded. He was hardly in relationships. Never one with a man. He didn’t know what he was doing but he had to follow it. It was like a high.

“I’m open to anything.” Will sipped the pilsner, the part of him that was not himself hoping the statement would be taken as entendre, “Will. And you?”

“Hannibal Lecter.” The man gave a soft smile, as if he knew something Will did not. It excited Will, but something felt wrong. He credited it to his own trepidation about being with this man. About even sitting here now, body inclined towards him, eyes raking over him. Every motion Will knew as flirting, and was replicating seamlessly. He wondered if he was in any control of himself at all.

“Quite a name, Hannibal. Does it fit you?”

“I dearly hope so.” He placed his hand on Will’s free one, “I must say, I don’t frequent this place. I worried about your receptivity.”

“As I said, open to anything.” Will felt the lack of shame in a statement he would normally never make, “I can tell this isn’t your usual dive. Too cliche to ask what a guy like you is doing in a place like this?”

Hannibal gave a warm quiet smile, “I have a fondness for cliches, so I’ll allow you that. A colleague of mine suggested it to me. Says their wine is surprisingly good.”

“I’m sure the rats agree. Where’s your work?”

Will kept himself turned towards and paying rapt attention to the man. He found himself grabbing onto social cues he would have let slip by in favor of focusing on the situation. The rational part of him was fading, but tried hard to pull back. He never thought he would

explicitly not date men, but to be chatting one up now was far from his plans for the night. He wanted to have this man inside him. To tie and gag him and peel his eyelids open-

Will tensed at the feeling of something on his jaw. It was soft. He took a sharp gasp. He was in a bedroom. The man from the bar was there, looking concerned, “Will? Is this alright?”

The man - Hannibal - has his mouth on Will’s neck, kissing at it. Will felt nauseous with confusion. He’d lost minutes lately, sure, but it had been an hour or so. And he, or whatever had slipped into his limbs and controlled them, had agreed to come up to this man’s bedroom.

Will gave a slight nod, the touch being the only thing he had to ground him to the situation. Hannibal continued to kiss at his neck before sliding his hands under Will’s shirt. Will shivered. It felt good. He didn’t know the last time he had intimate touch. He didn’t know if he could control himself. A small part of him feared coming to again to see the man’s corpse before him. He swallowed, “Don’t stop touching me.” He muttered softly, lost.

“You’re rather stressed. I know.” Hannibal unbuttoned Will’s flannel, “Would you like me to take care of you?”

“Yes.” Will said. He didn’t feel like himself in this moment, but he didn’t feel like the killer. He would take that, gladly. “Yes please.”

Hannibal made quick work of stripping him. Will found himself pulling away when he was left in nothing but his boxers, shame creeping at him. He felt it was the last barrier between his mind and his body. He would have to recognize and take responsibility for what he was doing. He should let this man know the potential danger of Will being present. He couldn’t remember what this man said he did but he knew it was important.
Hannibal was lowering Will onto the bed, “Stay with me. You want this to stop? Are you okay?”

“No.” Will said quickly, “I mean, don’t stop. I’m fine. I’m here. Touch me, I need you to touch me.”

“Will,” Hannibal muttered, hand moving up his thigh, “May I prep you?”

Will closed his eyes for a moment. This was happening. He was getting fucked by a stranger. He didn’t know how to begin to back out at this point and he didn’t know if he wanted to. Some part of him wanted affection. Another part wanted pain. Either way he gave a nod and looked away when the man slid off his boxers. He looked at Will’s flaccid penis, not hiding his concern.

“Just.. just a little nervous, I’m fine, it’s-” Will threw his head back as Hannibal’s lips wrapped around him. Oh, he was skilled. Will smiled. This was well worth the stress, feeling that wonderful mouth suck him to hardness. He tensed, feeling a wet finger trace around his hole.

“It’s okay, I’m good, I’m fine... I’m...” Will shut his eyes tight, the finger entering. He felt overwhelmed. He felt grounded. His toes curled, making him notice the quality of the sheets. The man was well off. His luck, to find an eccentric billionaire and not even be gay.

Will reconsidered that as a second finger slipped in. He rolled down. He needed this. He needed release, and was about to find it. He panted, giving the man's hair a gentle tug, "I'm gonna... You might want to..."

Hannibal pulled away, moving up and working him open more. Will made an embarrassing noise at the loss. He smiled down at Will. There was something wrong. Something behind his eyes that made Will tense. Something he'd seen before and knew he would see again. He had to be imagining things.

Hannibal rubbed his sides. Will felt something press against his hole. He gave a small, nervous gasp.

"Relax. Relax for me, William. Can you look at me?"

Will looked up, making his body relax. Maybe he needed this. It wouldn't hurt him. He wouldn't be a different person after this. It was just sex. He smiled weakly, then closed his eyes tight, feeling the man push into him.

It hurt a little. But that kept him here, in the moment. He felt every bit of it. Thoughts cloyed at him, wondering about his killer, wondering the feelings he had. Did it hurt him too?

Will grabbed the sheets as the man started thrusting slowly. He spread his legs wider, gasping. Hannibal took that as a cue, increasing slowly in speed.

"Stop!" Will froze, thought crossing his mind.

Hannibal pulled out instantly, looking concerned, "What's wrong?"

"Are you wearing protection?" He asked. The killer didn't. There were no indications that the men he was with wore them. Will needed the protection in place for that reason. More so than even to keep himself safe. He needed the distance.

"Of course. I'm sorry, I thought you heard the wrapper." He pulled back, allowing Will to see the thin rubber on him. Will nodded and moved a little. He resettled himself on his hands and knees, face red.

He ducked in head, biting his lip as Hannibal pushed back in, starting to thrust. Will reached down, focusing on his own pleasure as the man laid into him. He groaned at the feeling of soft kisses along his spine. After a good minute, Will pressed up, close.

Hannibal seemed to feel it. He moved Will's hand away and stroked him with his own. He kissed Will's neck, body pressed flat against him. Will shuddered and came. He frowned a little, hoping he didn't stain the man's sheets. He was thrown out of the thought by a rougher thrust. He shuddered, knowing Hannibal had came.

They stayed like that for a moment until Hannibal pulled out, going and trashing the used condom. Will laid on the bed and panted softly. He was okay. Hannibal was okay. Will was in control of himself.

He flinched when Hannibal attempted to curl up by him. He sat up, "I.. think I better go."

He wasn’t ready for any sort of affection. Sex was sex. He could only handle so much touch, and he needed to think, and to think on his own. He felt like an ass, but he doubted this guy was looking for a genuine relationship. He was a hookup.

“Have I-”

“I need to leave.” Will said, looking away, “I’m sorry.”

“Have I hurt you?” Hannibal sat plainly, not concerned about his nude body. Will felt shame for his own, scanning the floor for his clothes.

“No. No, I just... I don’t really... do this sort of thing. I was fine I just.. I don’t cuddle, I’m not...” Will pulled his boxers on, feeling the need for a shower.

“You set your keys and wallet in the entryway.” Hannibal was closed off now.

Will felt bad. He sighed and shifted, pulling on the rest of his clothes, “I... had a good time. Thank you. I just... I’m not... It’s been a rough week for me, I’m sorry. I can’t stay here. It’s late anyways, I haven’t let my dogs out. I’ve gotta go.”

Hannibal nodded, “I understand.” He stood, walking Will out. Will stayed fairly quiet, not looking up at Hannibal as he went to leave. He tried not to notice how extravagant the house was. He swallowed, wondering again what this man would want with him.

Will stepped out without knowing what to do. He figured he should kiss the man or something, but he didn’t think he could. He braced himself before making eye contact.

Hannibal smiled warmly. Will felt something again. Something akin to fear. He knew he was ridiculous, that he was lucky the man didn’t end up dead in a motel room.

He grabbed his keys up before leaving without another word.

Hannibal watched him leave, fascinated. Will had made a unique impression on him. Every new moment being near the man was a surprise. He wondered how typical it was, if hook ups weren’t conventional for him. They weren’t for Hannibal either, but this was a purposeful study. He just wasn’t yet sure what evidence he had found.

End Notes

Currently working on a sequel for this one. I like the idea of Will and Hannibal having to work with each other months after a one night stand.

Comments and thoughts appreciated.

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